

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1889.

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Darkville After Dark.
Sketches Made in the Glare of
Sixth Avenue's Electric Lights.
The Home of the Turks.
Constantinople and Its Gorgeous
Diplomatic Colony.

"How I Became a Manager."
Leading Theatrical Directors Write
of Their First Successes.
What \$5 a Week Will Do.
The Secret of How Shop Girls Live
on Their Wretched Salaries.

SITES
For the Big World's Fair.
JUST WHAT ADVANTAGES EVERY AVAILABLE LOCA-
TION POSSESSES FOR THE GREAT CELE-
BRATION OF 1892.
SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE VARYING ADVANTAGES
OF ALL THE POSSIBLE SITES AND HOW THE THROG
OF VISITORS MAY BE ACCOMMODATED.
Continuation of Wilkie Collins's Great Story, "Blind Love."

The Reporters Were There.
Bill Nye Narrates the Trials of An
Ambitious Journalist.
Points on Puts and Calls.
A Unique and Interesting Feature
of Wall Street Speculation.

Out of Crank's Corner.
De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell
on the Beauties of Baseball.
Columns of Miscellany.
A Page of Original Humor and a
Page for the Children.

LAST EDITION
IVES'S FIGHT.
The Young Napoleon's Counsel
Adopts Bulldozing Tactics.
Bookkeeper Short Put Through a
Harassing Cross-Examination.
Scenes To-Day in the Great Trial
Before Recorder Smyth.
Trying to Prove that C. H. and
D. Officials Influenced the
Witness.

It was a splendid joke last week, when Ives was enjoying all the delicacies and pleasures which plenty of money can purchase for a winter resident at Ludlow Street Jail, and Fyner, his older and less fortunate pal, was moping on the rigid fare furnished by the Warden to "common" prisoners.

But tell it in the Tombs is not so cheerful, and not even the special fare afforded by the cuisine of the Tombs caterer, nor the distinction of occupying the bed lately vacated by James F. Bedell, the forger of a quarter of a million, can bring the spirit of Henry S. Ives up to their natural point of exuberance to-day.

Not yet beyond that glorious point in life when the joyousness of youth and vigor are still at their flood; at that age when the college graduate is strutting under his sheep-skin honors, his education finished, himself just emerged into the world of reality, the eagerness of dependence upon parents and tutors cracked, and he, a fledgling, looking with wondering and inexperienced eyes upon the life which his new-found manhood must choose; the leading strings of tutelage cast off and his yet unaccustomed legs compelled to independent action.

At twenty-two, just when most boys emerge from college or are just receiving their legal or medical diplomas, and when they discover how little they know, how weak they are, this boy, Henry S. Ives, messenger boy, clerk, small bookkeeper and penniless, conceived the idea of one of the most stupendous frauds which ever startled the Western world.

The electric sugar fraud? The Dis Debat? Bedell's gigantic operations? Ferdinand Ward?

Yes, all great frauds. But electric sugar was the scheme of a scientist in a realm of which the world knew nothing. Dis Debat cheated an old man with a wily, without the least commendable feelings; Bedell broke of some of the most honored names in America, could have done nothing.

But this strapping, with a capital stock consisting of infinite cheek, muscle, energy, an active brain, after being driven out of this office and that because of the exposure of some crooked act, at least, in the Spring of 1886, while he is yet struggling with a wily, fuz on his sallow cheeks achieves the feat of buying a railroad for nothing at all, and in the course of a few months the railroad is ruined, the stripping and his older companions fail for \$15,000,000, and the whole scheme of fraud is revealed, the plotters are arrested, indicted and brought to the Bar of Justice.

Ives's old, yellow face was full of confident smiles when the trial began. He listened to the testimony of the man of three-score years whom he perpetually discharged from his place which he had held with honor and credit since ten years before the wrecker was born.

OBJECTIONS AT EVERY TURN.

The testimony was objected to at every turn by Ives's able legal defender, Charles Brooke, and as the objections were overruled and set at naught by that personification of the law and justice, Recorder Smyth, in short, comprehensive, understanding sentences, the smile of confidence faded slowly from the face of the middle-aged, say defendant, and this morning, when he came down to the courtroom, his face was ashen, his eyes were sunken, and he forgot to greet Deputy Sheriff O'Donnell and when he saw the light-house, boyish air of yesterday.

IVES CAME IN A CAR.

He took his seat in the car, rode to the brown-stone temple of justice, alighted and ascended to the scene of his trial without a word.

Half an hour he waited the coming of the able lawyers who are striving with all the legal force which a lifetime's practice at the bar has accumulated.

There was a peculiarness in the posture of Ives as he sat in meditation, his thin, white, long hands lying listlessly on the table before him.

Every time the swinging doors made that peculiar "click," denoting that they had been opened and permitted to close again, Ives started apprehensively, raised his bowed head and glanced that way.

Are there any alterations in the entries in the book? Assistant District Attorney Parker had asked of the white-haired old Secretary of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road.

"I object. They are not germane to this

action, which is against Henry S. Ives for doing a specific thing on a specific day, namely, the fraudulent issuing of \$500,000 worth of stock on a day certain."

ALTERATIONS IN THE BOOKS.

Mr. Brooke was interposing a stumbling block in the way of the prosecution, but the soft-voiced Recorder swept it out of sight, and then Frederick H. Short replied firmly: "There are alterations of nearly every figure on ten pages, and the alterations are in the hand of Henry S. Ives."

The grimace, not pleasant to see, but all that the middle-aged boy defendant has to serve him for a smile, quite departed, and he did not return again to-day.

At last, after half an hour of waiting by Ives, the three lawyers came. They walked briskly in and laid big bundles of documents down in red tape on the table. Then they conferred with their client, and the bald, high forehead of Brooke and the fine silver-gray hair of ex-Judge Fullerton met the soft, curly head of Ives, while the boy railroad clerk whispered to these old men, honored in their profession.

The minute hand had travelled half way around the big clock on the big room clock from 11 to 12 when, other business having been disposed of, the trial of Ives was resumed and the venerable Secretary resumed his seat in the witness chair. For Mr. Brooke had not completed his badgering in cross-examination when Court adjourned yesterday.

BOOKKEEPER SHORT UNDER FIRE.

"Mr. Short," began Mr. Brooke severely and with a smiling glance at the jury as if to say, "Now we shall show you a consummate villain."

"Where did you go last night after court adjourned? Be careful, now, and tell me," Mr. Short said he went into the District Attorney's office, and Mr. Brooke immediately "jumped on him."

"Who did you talk with there? What did you say about this case?"

Well, somebody introduced me to a man whose name I forget. He asked something about how Ives looked, and I told him he was a little pale. He said he knew Ives. I guess that was all. Then I went up town."

"That's it," shouted Mr. Brooke, triumphantly. "Where up town? Where?"

"I went to the hotel, Fifth Avenue," I saw F. R. Lawrence and Mr. Zimmerman and a number of other men, and I saw my wife in my room. There were a lot of other people in the lobby who didn't know me."

Did Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Zimmerman come there to consult with you about the C. H. and D.'s affairs?"

"I don't know for I had not expected them. They did say something about that road, of which Mr. Lawrence is counsel, and about this case."

"How long did it take them to say that something?"

"Three or four minutes or so—I didn't take out my watch."

THEY GOT MR. SHORT MAD.

Mr. Short was getting mad, and that was what Mr. Brooke was after, and when Mr. Short a little later asked that a question he repeated, adding: "I was not paying strict attention to you," the wily lawyer thundered that it would be best for Mr. Short to pay attention and asked the Recorder to instruct the witness that it was his duty to attend carefully to the questions and answer them carefully.

OTHER C. H. AND D. PEOPLE THERE.

"Julius Dexter was there also," Mr. Short said. "Mr. Marshall, too. I was down stairs three-quarters of an hour, and I talked with them, and then I went up to my room with one; sometimes with another. Oh, and Mr. Parker was there, too."

And they called your attention to some mistakes which you had made in your testimony yesterday, didn't they?"

"This with another wag of Mr. Brooke's fine head at the jury."

"No, Mr. I don't think I made any mistake in my testimony. Some one remarked that they thought my testimony was very complete and quite straight. I don't remember who other person."

Your memory of what occurred yesterday is weak, but you have a tolerably good remembrance of what happened five years ago?"

"I am sorry to say, yes. My memory retains too much of what happened then."

In all, while Mr. Brooke searched through the printed report of the stenographer of yesterday's testimony, the graybeard who had so neatly recalled the preliminary steps in Ives and Stayer's conspiracy turned in his armor, looked bravely over the faces of the dozen newspaper reporters there, and asked, with a genial, grandfatherly smile, of the nearest scribe: "Can you remember what you saw last night and what they said and you said?"

A REMINDER FROM CINCINNATI.

The faithful Secretary was recalled to court realities by Mr. Brooke, who asked sternly: "Who wrote this affidavit sworn to by you in the Cincinnati trial of Ives?"

"It was written at my dictation."

"Every word of these eighty closely typewritten pages, without any suggestion from any other person?"

"Every word," responded Mr. Short, solemnly.

Mr. Brooke wanted to know about Mr. Short's testimony in a civil suit in Ohio, the stenographer's notes of which covered nearly one hundred printed octavo pages. Mr. Short said it was a testimony, and then Mr. Brooke, with triumph on his face, walked around the end of the railing with the book in his hands, crossed the space occupied by you saw last night and what they said and you said."

"Is that account a part of your testimony? Did you swear that it was a true account, as you saw from the books of the C. H. and D. road?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness quietly and coolly; "but I believe that I discovered afterwards that there were one or two errors in it."

"Aye, aye! But you did swear that this account was true, didn't you?"

Ives started apprehensively, raised his bowed head and glanced that way.

Are there any alterations in the entries in the book? Assistant District Attorney Parker had asked of the white-haired old Secretary of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road.

"I object. They are not germane to this

BORNE TO HIS GRAVE.
Congressman Cox Laid to Rest in
Greenwood Cemetery.
Impressive Services at the First
Presbyterian Church.
Friends of the Deceased Attend in
Large Numbers.

There was a noctic justice in the fact that on the day in which the mortal remains of Congressman Cox were tenderly laid in the bosom of Mother Earth the heavens should stream with tears.

The remains of the cheery, kind-hearted Congressman, lay in the back parlor of his

THE SCENE IN TWELFTH STREET.

Twelfth street house in a superb case. The still face seemed to have the vesicle of smile clinging to the pallid lips, and around his head clustered the gentle lily of the valley, while the lower half of the open casket was a mass of warmly glowing roses.

In the front room, Rev. Dr. Almage talked in a subdued tone with Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the House of Representatives, had come, looking as courtly and dignified, greeted Vice-President Levi P. Morton and ex-President Grover Cleveland.

Capt. Anthony Allaire, with a body of policemen, guarded the sacred edifice.

First to enter the church were the honorary pallbearers, in the following order: Rev. Mr. Milburn, ex-President Grover Cleveland, E. J. Kimball, Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service and Admiral Franklin U. S. N. Judge John D. O'Connor, ex-Gov. George Hoadley of Ohio and Supreme Justice Fuller; Gen. Thomas A. Ewing and John P. Agnew; Col. John A. Cockerill and Edward Cahill, ex-Patrolman; Mr. Newson, S. H. Kaufmann, M. H. Northrup, Congressman Joseph H. Outwater, Col. Lewis Baker, of Minnesota; Washington McLean and Douglas Taylor.

Then came the silver-handled casket, upon the shoulders of the body-bearers. They were Nicholas J. Kenney, W. J. Hirschfeld, U. S. N. Judge John D. O'Connor, Mr. James Breslin and James J. Norris.

Immediately behind the remains was the relief of the deceased, clinging to the arm of his brother. His niece and nephew followed, and the other relatives of the deceased and of Mrs. Cox.

The alternate pall-bearers succeeded these. They were Gen. Moles, ex-Gov. Beck, of Kentucky; Mr. Newson, S. H. Kaufmann, M. H. Northrup, Congressman Joseph H. Outwater, Col. Lewis Baker, of Minnesota; Washington McLean and Douglas Taylor.

Then came eight letter-carriers, representing the gratitude of a hard-working body of public servants, who had been the recipients of the dead man's generous zeal.

A perfect screen of the most elaborate elaborate floral tributes graced the sanctuary from among them was an offering from Letter-Carriers Association of Boston.

There were addresses by Revs. Milburn, Talmage and Dr. Deems.

The Ohio Society, representatives of the Letter-Carriers Association of New York City and of the National Letter-Carriers Association, Steinwehr Post 122, G. A. R., the Steeler Association and several other societies.

Among those present were: Mayor Grant, Recorder Smyth, ex-Mayor Hewitt, Chamberlain, Recorder John Porter, Gen. Martin McMahon, Police Justice Gorman, ex-Congressman Gen. Floyd King, Orlando B. Potter, ex-Judge Peabody, ex-Alderman Gifford, ex-Coroner John J. Morris, Gen. Swayne, Gen. Spicola, Wilson G. Hunt, Gunning S. Bedford, Electric Commissioner Gibbons, U. S. District Attorney George H. Brown, ex-Deputy Sheriff Stevens, ex-Surrogate Calvin, George Francis Train, Maurice F. Hoolahan, Nevada M. Cronan and many others.

After the services the body was removed to Greenwood Cemetery, followed by a cortege of carriages.

Gotham Social Society's Entertainment.

The Gotham Social Society's sociable was held in their rooms in Victoria Hall last night. Despite the bad weather there was a large attendance. Miss Diehl, Miss Haffner, Wolf Lieblein, Lester Blumkin, Walter Bielew and many others took part in the entertainment. Dancing followed the performance.

EXTRA
MURDERED!
Frederick W. Gesswein
Shot Dead by an
Ex-Employee.

Terrible Crime in a John Street Jeweller's Office.

The Victim a Very Wealthy and Respected Merchant.

Frederick W. Gesswein, a wealthy and well-known jeweller and dealer in jewellers' supplies, was shot and instantly killed at his place of business, 39 John street, about 11 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Gesswein was in the very prime of life, not having yet reached his forty-second year. He owned much real estate, and his fortune is estimated at least \$750,000.

The murderer was Christian Deyle, who formerly worked for Mr. Gesswein and is a machinist and inventor.

His present address is 913 Sargeant street, Philadelphia.

When he left or was discharged from Mr. Gesswein's employment some time ago there was a disagreement between them about some work for which Deyle said he had not been paid.

It is said that he went to law for redress, and not getting it determined on taking vengeance himself.

He came on from Philadelphia last night or early this morning.

Mr. Gesswein lives at 823 Marcy avenue, Brooklyn.

He arrived at his place of business about 10 o'clock this morning.

His office is a small but luxuriously furnished room on the second floor of 39 John street, but he also occupies the ground floor and the one above it.

He called his chief clerk, Chas. F. Koester, in his private office this morning, and they discussed business until about 10:30.

As Mr. Koester left the office Deyle brushed by him going in. Mr. Koester heard Mr. Gesswein say: "Halloo! What are you doing here?" in a surprised sort of way, but could not hear what answer Deyle made.

Mr. Koester's desk is near the private office, but he could not hear what the men said.

It wanted but a few minutes of 11 o'clock when he was startled by the loud report of a pistol in his employer's office.

Mr. Gesswein lay on the floor supported on his right elbow.

His head had fallen forward and his left hand was pressed to his left breast.

He moaned as his clerk entered and fell back on the floor dead.

Deyle, his face white, his teeth set, his lips bloodless and a wild glare in his eyes, stood over him with a big pistol in his right hand pointed at the fallen man.

"Don't shoot again!" exclaimed Koester, who then turned and went out for a policeman.

He met one on the stairs who had been alarmed by the shot and was rushing up to see what the matter was.

They found Deyle still in the place. He was slowly putting the pistol back in his pocket.

He is an old, dilapidated-looking man, and expressed no contrition for what he had done. He was taken to the Old Ship station-house.

On the way he gave the following account of his trouble with Gesswein:

"I invented an article useful to any jeweller," he said, "and showed it to Gesswein. He thought it was my friend."

He stole it—him, and bargained me. I have two daughters married and living in Philadelphia.

On the way he law with him but got no redress. He had money and beat me. I became crazy thinking of my wrongs, and finally determined to come here and get justice at any cost."

"I went down this morning and asked him for \$500."

He laughed at me and said: "If I gave you that I should be as big a fool as you are!"

Then I shot him," he concluded.

LAST EDITION
GOETZ'S DEFENSE.
The Accused Alderman on the Stand
in His Own Behalf.
He Denies That He Bribe Voters
at That Election.
His Case Soon Closed and Counsel Begin
Their Summing Up.

At the resumption of the trial this morning of Alderman Christian Goetz, of the Eighth Assembly District, on the charge of bribing a voter at the last election, Judge Cowing, of Part II, General Sessions, told the witnesses present that they must retire from the courtroom.

It was after 11 o'clock when Lawyer Abe Hummel, Goetz's counsel, began his opening argument for the defense of his client.

He referred to his client as a foreigner who had come to this country and made a reputation as a good, law-abiding citizen. He declared that there could not justly be any inference as to his client's guilt from the testimony given, and for that reason he had asked for a dismissal of the charge against Goetz.

The Reform Club's detectives may have inferred that Goetz had offered Lewis a bribe, but Mr. Hummel said he would prove that Goetz did not offer a bribe, and would show that Detective Ramsey was mistaken when he declared that Goetz had offered a bribe to Lewis.

Officer James Cowen, of the Eleventh Police Precinct, was the first witness called for the defense. He has been on the force over eighteen years, and was on duty last Election Day at the polling place of the Nineteenth District of the Eighth Assembly District with another officer, since deceased. He saw Lewis and heard him challenged, but did not hear Ramsey or any one else charge Goetz with bribery. He did not see Goetz use any money to influence voters.

Mr. Jerome asked him if he had had any conversation with any of Johnny O'Brien's relatives, and he said "No" laughingly.

Richard Hamilton, cashier of the Bowery Bank, testified to Goetz's character. He said the latter had done business with the bank for the past twelve years and that his dealings were always correct.

George Murray, who was chief inspector of election at the polling-place 50 Delancey street, where the alleged bribery took place, testified that he remembered Lewis being challenged by a man named Ramsey, but that the latter did not then charge Goetz with bribing Lewis.

Alderman Goetz was next called to the stand in his own behalf, and in answer to his counsel said he was forty years of age, and came to this city from Bavaria in 1865. He had been Alderman two terms.

On election day he was at all the thirty-one polls in his Assembly District, and never said his pockets were lined with money, and he was going to carry the election.

He had \$75 in his pocket and spent some of it going about the election districts. He never told the witness Marks he would carry the Eighth Assembly District.

Witness's election as Alderman cost him about \$700. He swore positively that he did not attempt to bribe Lewis nor any one else, nor offer any money to any voter to cast his ballot for Goetz.

He was not charged by Ramsey on election day with an attempt to bribe Lewis, and did not hear of any such charge until last March, when he was notified of indictment by the Grand Jury.

On cross-examination Mr. Jerome asked the accused if he had not used \$3,100 to secure his election as Alderman, and the witness smiled and said "No," emphatically.

Goetz made his printing cost him \$300, his polling booth, \$275, uniforms for his ticket men, \$175, and he expended some money in visiting the thirty-one polling places in the Eighth District, making about \$700 in all which the election cost him.

Lawyer Hummel then closed his case and said that he was willing to submit the case to the jury without argument.

Mr. Jerome objected, and Mr. Hummel proceeded to sum up for his client.

Declaring for Ware Rains.

NEW YORK, D. C., Sept. 13.—For Eastern New York: Rain, except in northern portion, fair weather; stationary temperature; northerly winds.

The weather to-day, indicated by Blair's tele-thermometer:

	1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.
3 A. M.	67	68	68	70
6 A. M.	67	68	68	71
9 A. M.	67	68	68	71
12 M.	67	68	68	71
3 P. M.	67	68	68	71
6 P. M.	67	68	68	71
9 P. M.	67	68	68	71
Average for last twenty-four hours, 67.6 degrees.				
Average for corresponding time last year, 73.9 degrees.				

Swallowed His Teeth.

Last month Mr. J. A. Crawford, of Quincy, Ill., while drinking a glass of water had the unfortunate to swallow his false teeth. Death resulted almost immediately. Just previous to the occurrence he had been told that his teeth issued by the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Limited, of London, from one of the automatic ticket boxes now so commonly used at railway stations and elsewhere all over the country. The Company promptly paid the \$500 insured by the ticket.